

Love in a Hurry

By GELETT BURGESS
Illustrated by Ray Walters

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Mr. Doremus!" she ejaculated. "I heard something about Hall's losing money—his uncle's will, you know—that was a mistake, wasn't it?"

"How a mistake, Miss Dallys! I wasn't aware that you were interested in the subject, and hardly know to what you refer."

"Why, it was all in the papers this afternoon wasn't it? Everybody knows about it!"

"Ah," said the lawyer, "I would advise you not to put too much faith in the papers, Miss Dallys."

"But it said that Hall would get his uncle's money—"

Rosamund, who had joined her, broke in—"If he was married on or before his twenty-eighth birthday—"

Mrs. Roylton was also in it, excitedly—"And he's twenty-eight tomorrow—no, it's today!"

Mr. Doremus stood, with his hands behind his back, watching them impassively. "Ah, my dear ladies, that just shows how little one can depend upon the daily press. 'On and after,' reporters love such expressions. They positively seem to think that no document is complete without that particular term—"

"But isn't it 'on or before'?" they demanded.

"Not at all. Not at all. The phrase is, to the best of my recollection, 'before he has attained his twenty-eighth birthday.' In the interpretation of the law, one's birthday begins at midnight preceding such date. Mr. Bonistelle's chances for inheriting, therefore, lapse at twelve o'clock."

One and all turned to gaze at the clock. "And now, it's ten minutes past!" cried Carolyn.

"So it seems!" said Mr. Doremus. "And now, ladies, is there anything else I can do for you? If not, I must rejoin Mr. Hassingbury and discuss his legal arrangements." With a low bow he passed at once out of the room.

For a moment, the three ladies, nonplussed, were dumb. Then, slowly, Rosamund turned to Carolyn, all her rancor gone. "Well," she said, "don't that beat anything you ever heard in your life?"

It was evident by Carolyn's ironic smile that she considered the remark inadequate, but even she could do no better. Mrs. Roylton was more effective. She burst into tears.

Rosamund began to stammer. "Why, it's no better than stealing! That's the only word for it!"

"Lord, don't be a fool," said Carolyn finally. "We got the wrong tip, that's all. But I seem to see, now, why Mr. Hall was in so much of a hurry."

"I'm going home!" wailed Mrs. Roylton, dabbing her eyes.

"I'm not, till I give him a piece of my mind!" cried Rosamund.

"Hush! Wait a minute!" Carolyn whispered. "Is that he out in the office, there, with Miss Fisher? You wait here, girls, I'm going to call him in!" Leaving them, she walked quietly to the door.

"Hall! Oh, Hall!" she called sweetly. She smiled as if upon an angel. "Come in here a minute, will you? I've got a little surprise for you!" She darted back, and took her place with the others, three in a line.

He came in smiling, saw the three outraged ladies, and stopped, with an embarrassed grin. "What is it?" he managed to say.

LEFT MAIL IN HOLLOW STUMP

"Post Office" Used by Pioneer Easily the Oldest Building Used for That Purpose in America.

The pioneers of the Northwest often made use of huge trees hollowed out by fire or decay. Some of these "tree houses" they occupied as temporary residences. Others they used as shelters for stock or as primitive barns. Only one, however, ever had the distinction of being a United States post office. That stump is in Clallam county, in the state of Washington.

In early days the settlers were widely scattered, and it was a long journey over rough trails to the post office. Carriers could do no more than leave mail at some central point. The big cedar stump, 12 feet in diameter and reduced to a shell by fire, was a base from which a number of trails radiated. By common consent it became the post office for a wide region. The settlers put on a roof of cedar shakes and nailed boxes round its interior, which they marked with their names. There was a large box for the out-

"Oh, Hall, Hall, you've broken my heart!" Mrs. Roylton wept again.

"Hush up, Rena. You let me talk. Miss Gale, will you? I'd like to hear just what this particular sort of cur can find to say for himself!"

"Guilty!" said Hall, seeing the uselessness of protest. "Now go ahead!"

"Have you got any face to stand there and calmly acknowledge—" Carolyn broke in. "You deliberately deceived us, then—all three!"

"Just exactly as you deceived one another!" he could not resist adding.

At that, all three broke loose together, and, for the next five minutes Hall Bonistelle faced the music. It was not only useless, but impossible, to answer them. He stood, with his arms folded, bowing and smiling sardonically.

The stiletto was Carolyn's weapon, but for Rosamund, the bludgeon. "Aha, little Jack-the-Lady-Killer, are you? Three at a shot, eh?" sang in between "You're a cad, Hall Bonistelle, you're a liar and a cheat!" Poor Rena could but feebly pinch him with reproaches; she was dissolved in her woe. So it went, spitting, pounding and blubbering—he ought to be horsewhipped, someone's father or somebody's brother should thrash him! It was an outrage and a disgrace. What if they called in the company to publish his rascality? They were glad, glad, glad he had lost his money; it was good enough for him!

It was then that Hall saw a great light. He gave a laugh that stilled them.

"Oho! The money! So that's why you were all suddenly so keen to marry me, was it? Why, I don't see how you women have the nerve to look me in the face! Why, a woman will do anything for money, then, will she? She'll cheat, and lie and cut her best friend's throat behind her back—by jove, you're the coldest-blooded set of female vampires I ever saw in my life! It's a revelation to me! So that's all you wanted, eh? That's why you all hung fire this morning, and got me into this confounded mess—oh, you wanted time! Yes, time to investigate my finances, of course—and then, when you do get wind of this devilish old legacy, then you're all after me on the gallop, like a pack of Siberian wolves—falling over one another to see who can get to the telephone first! Well, thank God I found it out in time! Thank God I'm free of all three of you, you lying, back-biting, mercenary, two-faced hypocrites! Well, it's all over, now. I advise you to train your guns on Cousin Jonas!"

There was a disagreeable pause. When the pot calls the kettle black it is uncomfortable for both. Then the three women, their rage and disappointment still unappeased, swept out of the studio and left him alone. Rosamund went out, surlily and lowering, Carolyn sarcastic to the last, with a bitter smile upon her lips, Mrs. Roylton abjectly weeping, hurling her faint reproaches with a lessening might. She turned at the door to pull the ruby ring from her hand, and, with all of Flodie's abandon, if with less of Flodie's justification, tossed it at him.

He drew a long breath, and dropped into a chair. It had been a very bad five minutes; it was a relief to have it over. What next? The music still continued, but it would soon be time for his guests to be leaving. He knew he ought to go out into the other rooms and play the host—but he could not. It was impossible for him to see again the three ladies who must just now be making their scornful exit. As soon as they were out of the way, he would do his best with the others.

He knelt down on the floor and began to search for the ring.

"Are you in here, Mr. Bonistelle?" came Flodie's gentle voice at the door. He jumped up and faced her. "Yes, Flodie."

She came in timidly and gave a glance at the clock. "Yes, it's all over; the money's gone!" he said calmly. "Have they left yet?"

She nodded, smiling. "They're all

going mail. There were no locks, but the mails were never tampered with.

This primitive post office was used for more than a year. It has been carefully preserved and is annually visited by hundreds of interested sightseers. The stump is believed to be over 2,000 years old, which clearly establishes its right to the distinction of being the oldest post office building in America!—Youth's Companion.

Why the Death Rate Increases.

Recently compiled statistics show that the death rate in this country after the age of forty is increasing. This increase is due, it is claimed by competent medical men, to the sedentary habits of most men in middle life. According to the Chicago health department's bulletin the trouble is that they do not take enough outdoor exercise. They ride to business when the walk in pleasant weather would do them good. They will lie down and take a nap in a close, stuffy room immediately after eating a hearty Sunday dinner, when a long walk in the open air would aid digestion, harden

the muscles and keep them in better condition to resist sickness and disease.

American False Limb Boom.

American artificial limbs have an excellent reputation in Europe. Doctor Eisenberg recently presented before the Imperial Society of Austrian Doctors a man who had lost legs and arms in an electrical explosion in the United States. He had been provided with American artificial limbs, and on returning to Austria, due to his great energy, is able to do all kinds of work. The man is now being sent to the various Austrian hospitals in order to show the soldiers who have lost limbs what they can do with the use of artificial ones.

Absent-Minded Professor in Japan.

Professor Ikeno of Tokyo university is well known for his absent-mindedness. One evening on his way from school, says the East and West News, he struck his head against a telegraph post. "Pardon me, pardon me," he said, and quickened his gait. A certain colleague of the same university

making up to Jonas with all their might. By the way they talked, you must have had a pretty lively time with them." Flodie sat down demurely.

"I should say so, Flodie! Three ladies have told me tonight rather explicitly that I'm a cad. What d'you think?"

"You're not!" she cried. Flodie sat up indignantly, her eyes blazing.

He gave her a quick surprised look, and his face lighted with hope. It was the first time their eyes had met in perfect accord. It was the first real thrill.

"Then—" he hardly dared to say it—"have you forgiven me, Flo?"

"Have you forgiven me?"

"You! For what?" It was evident that she need not fear him.

Flodie cast down her eyes a moment, then raised them boldly. "For pretending."

"Pretending what?"

"Pretending that I didn't care." Flodie, suddenly embarrassed, jumped up and walked away from him. Hall made a leap for her. He caught her in his arms.

"Oh, do you care, Flodie? Do you? Do you? Even after all this?"

He kissed her ardently full on the lips.

Flodie extricated herself from his grasp. "Isn't it—of course it's very nice, Hall—it's awfully nice—but isn't it—just a little—well, premature?" She brought it out timidly, but her face showed her rapture.

He dropped his arms and stood, suddenly disconcerted, then laughed nervously. "Why, surely you ought to believe me now, Flodie! I'm right back to where I was this morning—no fortune, no prospects—just working for my living, and quite head over heels in debt."

Flodie giggled blissfully. "Do you want your eggs boiled two minutes, this morning, Mr. Bonistelle, or three?"

He smiled and shook his head. "Yes, it's all over—I'll have no millions to offer you, after all, Flodie. I'm just a poor devil of a photographer. Don't you believe me now?" he repeated anxiously.

Flodie was trembling. "Believe what, Hall?" she hung her head. "You haven't said it, yet!"

For a moment he stood looking at her, puzzled, then a broad grin spread over his face. "Oh!" he cried. "Well, I guess! Is that it? Jubilant, now, he approached her in a playful mock-romantic air, knelt and put his arms around her. "Will you marry me, Flodie?"

CHAPTER XV.

Flodie inexplicably burst into tears. Hall was alarmed, but he managed to keep his wits about him. "Quick, Flodie, for heaven's sake! There's somebody coming! Will you?"

Like a flash she lifted her head, her face still dripping tears. "That's the idea! Now there's some style about that! The answer is 'Yes!' she exclaimed, and burst into laughter almost hysterically. Then she turned and gave a glance at the clock.

"Thank God!" said Hall fervently. "Flodie, isn't it great to be in love—really in love?" He hugged her tight. "Flodie, you're going to be my wife, did you know it? My wife, Flodie! You're going to be Mrs. Hall C. Bonistelle! I'm going to marry you up as quick as ever I can—before I lose you again!"

"Oh, you'll never lose me, Hall, never, never, never!" She paused and added archly, "and I'm awfully sorry now I threw away that ring!"

"Jove, I forgot the ring. Of course." He fished it out of his pocket, and looked at her queerly.

"Why, you didn't throw it away, did you?"—it was—

"Of course I did. Don't you remember? Now put it on. There! I'm so glad you didn't get a diamond!"

"By jove, Flodie," Hall jumped up ecstatically, holding another ring in his hand—a plain gold band. "Here's

happened to see this from the other side of the street, and the following day said to the professor: "I was surprised last night by your carelessness, Mr. Ikeno. You dashed against me in the street and I feel the pain still."

"Oh, was it you?" was the reply, "please excuse me. I did not know it was you; it felt wooden." Then a roar of laughter went round the professor's room, but at the expense of the colleague.

Relief for Ivy Poison.

Tincture of grindelia diluted with three parts of water and applied with soft cloths to poison ivy will give relief. If you apply this before the pustules appear it will check the irritation. If the pustules have formed they will run their course, but this remedy will prevent others coming and check the spread of the disease from the affected parts. If you cannot get the grindelia, sugar of lead, diluted to the same strength, is equally good.

After marrying in haste many a poor man has to hustle during his

lapse.

the other one. Say, now we've got those women out of the way, and you've said 'yes'—Lord, I feel like celebrating. Say! Let's get married to-night! What d'you say?"

She sat up excitedly. "Oh, Hall, let's! Right away!"

"By Jupiter, we will!" he exclaimed. Then suddenly the smile on his face faded, and he gave a gesture of dismay. "Oh, Lord!" he exclaimed disappointedly.

"What, Hall?"

"No use, Flodie, we can't do it!"

"Why not, Hall? Can't Mr. Doremus marry us? He's a justice of the peace. Didn't he say he'd marry you if you wanted?"

"Oh, it isn't that—d-n it all. I'm such a fool! I forgot all about the license! Confound it, it's a shame! Just my luck! We'll have to wait till tomorrow, Flodie."

Flodie suddenly disengaged herself from his arm. "You wait a minute!" She ran to the door, looked into the office and called "Alfred!" In another minute she was joined by the janitor. Hall waited in perplexity and wonder.

Alfred's apron was removed, he shone in the full glory of his evening

suit, still spotless. Alfred was pale—pale as a ghost, and his eyes were big and sad. His lips were working nervously, as if he were repeating something to himself.

Flodie, her hand in his arm, walked down to Hall Bonistelle.

"Now, Alfred," she said encouragingly, "you tell Mr. Bonistelle what we did this afternoon."

"Alfred!" exclaimed Hall, "what has he got to do with it?"

"I hope you won't be offended, Mr. Bonistelle," Alfred began timidly, clasping his hands tightly in front of him, "it was a great liberty to take, I know, but Miss Fisher asked me to, and I knew it would be all right. And if it hadn't been all right, Mr. Bonistelle, I'd a-done it just the same, if Miss Fisher asked me to, Mr. Bonistelle! I told her I would and I did. I asked her would she ask me something hard to do, Mr. Bonistelle, but I didn't believe that nothing could be so hard as what she asked me, Mr. Bonistelle, and it was the hardest thing that she could ask!"

"Flodie, can you translate?" Hall asked, puzzled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fusible Tin Boiler Plugs.

The investigation of fusible tin boiler plugs has been completed at the bureau of standards and presented for publication. It is believed that there can now be no excuse for boiler explosions from imperfect plugs if the bureau findings are followed, namely, to use tin to 99.9 per cent purity and free from zinc, a requirement easily met, but which has not been the actual practice, in many cases.

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Stop That Backache!

There's nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. You are lame when you awake. Pains pierce you when you bend or lift. It's hard to rest and next day it's the same old story. Pain in the back is nature's warning of kidney ills. Neglect may pave the way to dropsy, gravel, or other serious kidney sickness. Don't delay—begin using Doan's Kidney Pills—the remedy that has been curing backache and kidney trouble for over fifty years.

A Kentucky Case

Mrs. W. H. Cobb, Nicholasville, Ky., says: "My kidney trouble began with pain in my back and it got worse until I was almost helpless. My appetite left me, my feet and ankles swelled and I was a physical wreck. Nothing helped me and I had almost given up in despair when I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills. They restored me to good health and I gained fourteen pounds in weight."

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Quite Right.

"What do you understand by the phrase 'a liberal education'?" asked the professor when the freshman class in economics had assembled.

"When the governor comes through with plenty of spending money," replied the first youth called upon.

NEW TREATMENT FOR ASTHMA

To quickly ease the struggle for breath, stop the wheezing and bring blessed relief, ask your druggist for an original yellow box of true Mustarine which costs about 25 cents.

Apply plentifully night and morning, and remember to rub up and down only, over the entire chest from the throat to the stomach. True Mustarine is made by the Begy Medicine Co., Rochester, N. Y. It is also fine for Rheumatism, Lumbago and Neuralgia. Get the genuine.—Adv.

And Lots of Them.

"I see where the Russian cavalry rode down the Germans in the trenches where they were digging in themselves for the winter."

"See, that was a horse on them!"

Rub It On and Rub It In.

For lame back and soreness, sprains and strains, sore throat and stiff neck, you must rub on and rub in thoroughly Hanford's Balsam of Myrrh. Remember that one good application at first is better than several light ones. Adv.

The more a man is envied the less real happiness he has.

Croup Relieved in Fifteen Minutes

No need to dose delicate little stomachs with nauseous drugs or alcoholic syrups. Simply rub a little Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve over the throat and chest. The vapors inhaled loosen the tough, choking phlegm and ease the difficult breathing. One application at bedtime insures a sound night's sleep. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00.

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ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind—an antiseptic liniment for bruises, cuts, wounds, strains, painful, swollen veins or glands. It heals and soothes. \$1.00 a bottle at druggists or postpaid. Will tell you more if you write. Made in the U. S. A. by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 210 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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